i’m sorry

GOD

i’m sorry.

i thought i could command you to fly to me.

i thought i could be the captain and you’d be the ship.

i thought you would rain hellfire on my enemies

who spat on me and treated me like hell.

i asked, where are you?

where was GOD

when i needed him?

in the war.

in the battlefield.

in the land of chaos,

with no peace,

no love —

just a leash.

and here i was,

thinking you were only a tool.

they told me,

control or be controlled.

so i thought i could control you, GOD.

i thought

that if noise rained fire right in my face,

if i yelled loud enough

that you'd show your face.

but here i was,

thinking i was higher than my master.

thinking i could command GOD

to come fight at my command,

to prove my pain was right.

i’m sorry, GOD.

i’m sorry.

i walked asking for a mirror,

but all i saw was shadow.

i’m sorry, GOD.

i’m sorry.

i walked asking for fire

but all i felt was wind.

you were always the captain.

you were always the head in command.

i yelled in the midst of war,

when all i had to do

was run for your warmth —

your safety,

your silence,

the place where you speak

in a whisper,

never a yell.

the fire lands when the sheep are gone,

for the ones who remembered the call

yet closed their eyes until it was too late.

forgive me, GOD. forgive me.

why did i yell my loudest,

thinking i could control you?

why did i raise my voice,

when the sound of silence is stronger than noise?

your the one who lived before me,

while i’m in a life i never asked for,

forgive me, GOD. forgive me.

i was wrong for walking in this world,

walking like the earth was my playground

and the lord was my servant.

forgive me, GOD. forgive me.

cain taught me to control or be controlled,

cain said i was the main character but i was never

and i thought i could control you.

i thought i could grip everything

but i can’t.

forgive me.

i was a foolish child.

i’m tired of fighting.

i’m tired of grabbing guns,

and waking up every day

restless to feel powerful,

restless to make the world bend

when all i ever needed was you.

they say never give up, but i give up.

they say stop being lazy, but imma be lazy —

for you, GOD.

throw in the white towel.

let ’em knock me out,

’cause i quit.

i was never a machine.

never a machine.

your warmth.

your love.

your heart.

in this hell on earth,

i needed you —

the medic before the real war,

the real cross,

the real battle,

where we die,

ending in victory instead of sorrow,

victory instead of shame,

and celebrate with you finally,

in heaven,

with the family.

my lord, forgive me.